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S E R M O N

ON

The W I N D O W - T A X



TRUTHS WOULD YOU PREACH, TO SAVE A SINKING LAND,
ALL HEAR, NONE AID YOU—AND FEW UNDERSTAND.—

Pope.



W O M E N

H A T



A
S E R M O N
O N
The W I N D O W T A X.

N O T
I N T E N D E D T O B E P R E A C H E D
I N
S A I N T S T E P H E N ' S C H A P E L,
O N
C A N D L E --- M A S S D A Y, 1785.

By S O M E B O D Y.

B R E C K N O C K,

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2 E R M O N

W I N D O W T A X

NOT TO BE REACHED



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T O

CHARLES MORGAN, Esq.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

FOR THE COUNTY OF

B R E C O N.

18

31

S I R,

HAVING lost my name---in the limbo of vanity, or the
paradise of fools----I was willing to lay hold of yours
to recover it---not in order to follow Dryden, in his fine, long,
whip-whap Dedications of one hundred and fifty pages a-piece,
prefix'd to his Cox---ical Tragedies, somewhat like the late jingling
bells in Spring-Gardens---where I put my Guinea---into the State-
Raffle---

Raffle--to win the Empress of Russia's Diamond Ear-rings, or the Glass-Elephant.----No, fir, therè is too much blood in the family of the-----to flatter. None of them have been addicted to that fashionable folly---that solemn banter---which is the quintessence of merit in the Man of the World---such Philippics you despise---therefore I must beg your permission to express my wish, in the milky sincerity of my heart. That you may still, to a very late period in life---the Hundredth year if you please---continue to enjoy health, and Tredegar Estate, with the grace of GOD---the Utile Dulci and fraternal love---!-----But, without your leave, I will add, what I hope to remember, that you have highly obliged

S O M E B O D Y.

A S E R M O N,

A

S E R M O N, &c.

E X O D U S x. 21.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch forth thine hand toward Heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness that may be FELT.

---S O---it was one of the ten plagues of *Egypt*!----such a darkness as the light of a candle could not penetrate! for, when *Moses* stretched forth his hand toward heaven, there was a *thick* darkness, more than the damp darkness of a vault, unopened for half a century, more terrible even than THIS!

Longinus, in his sublime treatise, (admired, but not studied, in these *enlightened* days) produces that noble passage, "And God " said,---Let there be light,---and there was light---" as one of the grandest instances of the *sublime*.---He judged rightly, *maugre Huet* and *Le Clerc*.---Goodness, wisdom and power here met in perfection, for all the glories and beauties in the future universe would have been nothing without light. Light, therefore, was the first blessing in the world, and darkness the last of the ten curses of God upon the land of *Egypt*, except one, DEATH, and that might, in effect, have proved a blessing, for, among the
first-born,

first-born, there were a thousand infants, to speak within compass. But, my beloved, err not.---Do not dream I am going to compare the late *political eclipse* to the curse of God in the land of *Egypt*.

Our prime minister is no *Moses*, to inflict plagues, by a Divine command: but if *Moses* had, as we all allow he had, great merit in public and private life, accurate ideas, a clear and manly judgment, with, what is greater still, a genuine, ardent love of his country-men---so has our prime minister, which *even his opponents*--for *enemies* he has none---will allow---and all this added to a natural eloquence---he is therefore superior to *Moses*, in *this* respect, who begged to have *Aaron* for his spokesman, to harangue the people. But *Moses* had the advantage in age---he was four-score when he entered his ministry. Though flattery is not my forte, yet still, after what is said above, it cannot reasonably be supposed that I intend to make a direct comparison between the plague in the land of *Egypt* and our imagined evil. It will not *bear* in several respects. *That* was a *real* plague or curse, designed, experienced as such, without *any* commutation. *That* was inflicted by the hand of Providence, directly and solely against the enemies of that people, to whom *Moses* was a friend---for, in all the dwellings of the children of *Israel*, there was light. *This* improvement in taxation, on the contrary, was intended for a blessing, to *ease* the people, to whom the *son* of the Earl of *Chatham* is a friend.----*William Pitt*, THE SECOND, CANNOT, intentionally, be an *enemy* to *Britain*.

War was the cause of all our Taxes, except this---this was not, *directly*, occasioned by war.----*John Bull* must be baited, before he is tamed.

After

After this preface, I shall proceed, in my own way, to the point---taking occasion, by the by, to divide my discourse into two heads---which, when they agree, and are well baked, are avowedly, all the world over, better than one, and perhaps than twenty--in making sermons and taxes.

In the *first* place then, I shall endeavour to shew, and I hope to be able to prove---that “Darkness is a *Curse*”---it has puzzled many a wise man, to prove obvious propositions which nobody denies.——And,

Secondly, that “Darkness is *not* a *Curse*, but a *Blessing*”---with a word, or two, of advice.

Paradoxes, riddles, *seeming* inconsistencies, ænigmas, rebuffs and conundrums, arise from the prolific brain of genius, who is the *father*, as necessity is the *mother* of invention. Hence also the origin of air-balloons, damned by the inquisition as the state-engines of the prince of the power of the *air*, whom the *divine Doctors* would roast alive on a hot-gridiron, with the emperor tied to his back, if they could get his *highness* down in one of these engines, to keep him burning for a heretic, for a thousand years. But, hold, I mistake-----the protestants---none of whom pant for pre-eminence, or love money---are the only devotees, who claim *Dominicanus* (a new, soft name for satan) as their sworn enemy. With regard to the *Emperor*, the *divine Doctors* might perhaps wish to broil *him* for a few years very naturally, in order to *convert* him perfectly, and, for this heavenly purpose, might ask their old friend *Dominicanus*, to blow the bellows. I just hint this, for the benefit of sir *Joshua Reynolds*, as *Hogarth* is dead, who drew my grand-mother, in her Tiara in *Chelsea* church,

church, to the life. We were all a *handsome* family---only our beauty like *D---nn---ng's*, lay the inside of us. However, the breed is now mended, for the *next* generation---It is not *my* fault, if *their* successors degenerate. I do not, by any means, *blame* my father and mother, who were two as good-natured people as any in the two kingdoms. My mother had not so good an understanding as my father, neither was she a fool--but the ebullition of good humour, the angel of sociability, was so strong in them both, that they were not fit to go together--the consequence was, and must have been--a *numscull*--so motley a one, as to be taken for a *knave*.—Crown me, if ever I thought that a pleasurable character!--so, if I am one, it is most deadly against my nature, and all the weak lines of my understanding.

It is a shame for me, at *this* time of my pilgrimage, not to proceed strait forward, like a dutchman or a goose—but I cannot help it—it is bred in the bone—some *poor* devil has been almost daily, drawing me aside to this hour! However, I do not expect to be damned for it—for what? ay, that's the question I ought *not* to answer—but I *will*—"For not leaving *every body die in a ditch*"—before God I say it—I *could not*, *always*, get the mastery here—I will not swear in a sermon—forgive my infirmity!—In the forty-fifth edition of my sermon on *Mules*, I may defend all my other extravagancies, even the turning of my coat, like *Yorick's* breeches, before it was well worn bare on one side—but my natural infirmity I must not defend.

———— I am now proceeding. ————

To be able to prove, that *Black* is *White*, and *White* is *Black*,
requires

requires no common share of genius and philosophy, and some impudence---many of the pleaders in *Westminster-Hall* are accused of it, as a crime, but believe me, friends, they are not, all of them, *capable* of committing it, nay, I am serious, *nine* out of *ten* of them, may plead NOT GUILTY.---Some shadow of diversity—some ray of dissimilitude, varies almost every case, though every eye cannot discern it at once; and as law is founded upon reason, and reason is never contradictory to itself—there never was, nor can be, any contradiction in *law*.—The many, and long harangues, disputations, quotations, rotations. repetitions, divisions, sub-divisions and *Inap-dragons* at the bar, *pro* and *con*, spring intirely from the want, or superfluity, of understanding on one side or the other—not as is vulgarly imagined (see my *History of Vulgar Errors*) from any *glorious uncertainty* in the law itself---; for there never was any, the least design in any council, to bias, *blind* (it is a *verb* in *Entick's Dictionary*) or mislead a judge or jury, upon *any* cause, civil or criminal, in this blessed kingdom—*Sheer justice* always reigns on *both* sides—I mean (for *crown* me, if it does not require explanation) I mean in *idea*—the thing is—to come at it—or even, sometimes, to know how to find it out.

Before *Blackstone* reigned, it was “*Jacob* against *Bacon*,” and “*Bacon* against *Wood*,” and “*Wood* against *Ruffhead*,” and “*Ruff-head* against *Pickering*,”—and some of them against *themselves*. A *sober* student was obliged to go *softly* in his lucubrations—my father was not overfond of *studying* by CANDLE-LIGHT.—Imagine you see one of these parchment-skinned philosophers, at the midnight-lamp, in his greenish velvet-night-cap, loose *toga sordida* and sandals, setting off in the business—to read the *Abridgment* of the law in *forty folio* volumes of *Viner* for his ease,

by way of introduction, before he *begins* to peruse twelve volumes of *Statutes*, and twice as many of *Reports*; and all this, besides the *being drawn through London*, in three years, and spending *three thousand pounds* out of a *hundred and fifty pounds* a year—which he has a chance of enjoying after his father's death, twenty years hence—as comfortable a prospect, as the good Jews had of old in the promised blessings—viz. “ Stuffing their guts—“ fitting on Sophas—and dying fat—” which was the *end* of the *divine legation* of *Moses* to them, according to the paradox of a late genius—who had been an excellent Sadducee, had he lived *two thousand* years before he was born——

——“ True ridicule is the test of truth. ”——

The name of *Moses*, very naturally, brings me round to my first original head,—*Darkness* is a *Curse*—I need not say—it *was* a curse—we are told, the *Ægyptians* *FELT* it—but before I can make ye all understand the matter, my beloved, I must here subdivide it into two other *smaller* heads—in order to shew ye, by the light of explanation—the *seventeenth* figure in *Rhetoric*—
1. What darkness *is*——and 2. What it *is not*——

I. Then, it is a *total* deprivation of light---inward or outward---for, when light shines, or peeps, in the least degree, either through a hottentot or a lattice, or even the hole of a nail-piercer, in a shut-up-window, or by the help of a candle or rush, *there Darkness is not at the time*---prove it who can---As my discourse is intended *merely* for the edification of Philosophers and Logicians, I would strain every nerve to please them.---There is a temporal, and there may be an eternal Darkness; the *Ægyptians* felt the first, they could not *see one another, within* doors or *without*---

without---the devil, or dominicanus, (a) orthodox divines say, will feel the latter---God grant he may not, if it be the Divine will !
 ---Your reverences, being philosophers, I hope will forgive the prayer---it is not an infernal one, though not quite so good as the imprecation against Heretics in the old Romish MSS. found in an English Cathedral, and recorded by the Rev. Dr. Sterne, late prebendary of York----next to the story of *Le Fevre*, his Sermons, Sentimental Journey, and part of his Koran or Proverbs, it is the best chapter of his works---*Venus* was no wit---but a downright wh---e-----I can prove it from the best authorities, but hate to quote languages I do not understand. Dr. Swift said, "A nice man, is a man of nasty ideas."---He was a very nice man, for---He had nasty ideas---He changed his shirt twice a day---curious logic!---Yes, may it please your Reverences---if you will go to the bottom of it---altho' twice a week will do for us--The origin of cleanliness, in India and Constantinople, Holland and Algiers---is money----the Hottentots---the High-landers---the wild Irish and-----want money-----ergo-----If your Reverences cannot make this out---ye are no *Trunk-makers*.---Either my nature, or the grace of God, I cannot yet tell which, irresistably impels me to wish well at the last, even to *Dominicanus*. If *this* light, that is within me, be Darknes---judge ye---God's Love---and I should think that every creature, will, in the end, be most heartily tired of every thing else---even the devils and the dogs---mind---it is not I, that immortalize the latter---though the best of the two.-----I was converted by the late learned Bishop Newton-----I mean, more strongly in favour of UNIVERSAL RESTITUTION.-----However, leaving the devils aside, for the sake of your Reverences, I hope I have sufficiently shewn what Darknes is-----Let any disprove it, or prove more, if they can-----As it is not a thing

(a). Whom the BUCHANITES are going to chain for a thousand years, if Death does not prevent them.

a thing to be touched, like an Oyster-shell, I cannot make it to be, what it is not---nor compare it to any tangible thing---If we set LOVE aside, we may *feel* it by and by, and then---we shall have no need of comparisons.

Now to my *second* head of sub-division---to shew what Darknefs is *not*—It *cannot* be *light*—for, it is eternally set in direct opposition to it, by all Divines, Philosophers and Tallow-chandlers, who are the best judges. It is not therefore, the light of nature (if she *has* any) nor the light of reason, nor the light of revelation (*its meridian*) in the *moral* world—nor the light of the sun, moon or stars, in the *natural* world—nor the light of a candle or rush in the *artificial* world.—Having given ye, my beloved, the Affirmative and Negative—the two hinges of modern eloquence—I proceed—regularly back—to the original head of my discourse—“Darknefs is a *Curse*”—but, after what ye have heard, that it is a deprivation of light, and is *not* light, I need not affront your Reverences by drawing in full length the evil consequences of Darknefs: The murders, the avarice, the debauchery, the wars, the knavery, the confusion it has occasioned in the moral world—nor the mistakes, the stagnation of life and business, the eclipse over the “*human face divine*,” the death and destruction it would occasion in the natural world—Were I, my beloved, to draw out these evils at full length, in order to shew ye how Darknefs is a Curse, it would be an affront to your understandings, as Philosophers.—Even fishes require some light under water, otherwise the wonderful CREATOR (*who is to be known, felt and understood*) would have denied them eyes.—I shall now quit this head, without any ceremony or circumlocution, and proceed to the second—to elucidate my principal point, the paradox—“Darknefs is a *Blessing*.”

Milton,

Milton, by the light of his muse, has drawn old king *Chaos* in the realms of night, in as respectable a situation nearly as *Pharaoh* is drawn by *Moses*, sitting in darkness among his subjects for three days.—This is not what I mean by the Blessing of Darkness, though neither of the two monarchs could do much harm in that posture without light.—I do not, therefore, mean *Chaotic*, or *Egyptian*, or *infernal* Darkness; my philosophy teaches me another lesson—and that, when it was prophesied “Darkness shall cover the Earth,” it did not refer to our first *ten Window-Laws*—any more than the additional passage, “and gross Darkness the People,” referred to the famous Act of last Session.

“Unto the upright ariseth Light in *Darkness*,”—which is the case with *us*—therefore, I mean here, only and merely, *political* Darkness—Darkness for the good of the People.—This is the Blessing—

——“TEA, INSTEAD OF LIGHT!”——

If we were obliged by Act of Parliament, to drink it instead of nappy-brown *ale*—which is pretty nearly the case—it would be a better commutation still—especially, if we were commanded to drink it—pitchy strong and scalding hot—with a tea-taster in every parish—for the benefit of the nerves and the English constitution.

The heavy duties upon malt, since the days of good Queen *Bess* (who, by the by, was her Father’s daughter) are a kind of satire upon the Royal Virgin and her six maids of honour, who used to breakfast on roast beef, a horse-radish a-piece, and seven tankards of ale.—

This

This satire may, in time, tend to pay the national debt, as we are growing TEA-bellied *gratis*, and the duties on Malt will, of course, *decrease*, to the manifest *increase* of SOBRIETY, RELIGION and VIRTUE!—It is a wonder Would-be-King Cromwell's sanctity had not driven *ale* up to half-a-crown a bottle—but he *was not* a better man—come, he cannot *behead* me now, for sliding nearer still to the truth—He was not so good a man at heart as *Charles*—I dare speak out as a BRITON—and an ancient BRITON—

“ For Forms of Government, let Fools contest—

“ That which is best ADMINISTER'D, is best.”

I had rather shut the Sun out of my very *office*, and finish my “ *Moral Essays*” by Candle-Light, than have king *mob* to rush into it, and burn my MSS. and set up the Kingdom of CHRIST—Cromwell *fashion*—for the ELECT alone to enjoy the good things of *both* worlds—Crown me, if I like *that*—*one* is enough for them.—No,—No,—all my Schemes of Reformation—for every Briton has a dozen or two—are for the PUBLIC GOOD—mine are *thirteen* in number—*twelve* more than will be adopted.—viz.

1. Let the power of making War and Peace be lodged where it is, with—the Advice of Parliament.

2. Portion the Waste-Grounds, at an *easy* rate at first, among industrious people, and thereby *encourage* others to be so, who are now pining in Poverty, or driving full gallop to the Gallows—to be reformed.—

3. Let

3. Let not the Soldiery, Sailors or Militia, just after a war, be turned adrift to *famine*.—It is too like their *death-warrant*.—The *Turnpike-Roads*—if immediately under the care of Government—would find employment for most of them in different ways—and one Loan would pay off the Securities, and the Tolls much more than the interest of that Loan—It would likewise add *Six-pence* a day to the *poor* Military Labourers, who would also, thus, instead of *robbing*, prevent *robberies*.

4. Let not the GREAT CHARTER of *England* be stabbed by the Arrests (on mesne process) of people, who do not *attempt* to fly from justice.—(Against those alone, who do so, bailable writs were, originally, intended by our Law)—unless in cases of *real* debt to the King.

5. Let the Great Men, especially those who have *finecures*, in Church and State, now, at this critical season of National Distress, shew themselves greater patriots still, by throwing into the Public Stock, to lighten the burthens of the people, *one half* of the annual profits of their places.——

6. Let every Bishop become a *Wilson*——I need say no more on *this* head.——

7. Let many of our penal Laws be made less sanguine, and so more effectual, according to Mr. *Eden's* opinion.——

8. Let a new Code, or Arrangement of all our Laws, be made under separate heads—like that on Turnpikes—of 13 G. III.

9. Let the Members of our Parliament be chosen by *ballot*,

if possible—*Perfection* in this business must not be expected.—

10. Let the Attornies *alone* be *Scriveners*, and no others, to encourage them to be more *honest* still.—

11. Let the Attornies and Counsel, for their farther encouragement, after the present Generation, be restrained to NUMBER, all over the Kingdom.—By an unrepealed Act of 33 H. VI. c. 7. the Attornies of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, are restrained to *fourteen* only, in the two Counties—and a *special* reason is given in the Preamble *below*. (a)-----The *Judges* are confined to Number----so are the Attornies and Solicitors in one of the two highest courts----were they restrained to Number in each county, they would be a more respectable body of men, and they *ought* to have the best part of the business, conveyancing, for themselves alone----Let their *fees* be fairly fixed---and every Bill taxed at their own expence, before it is delivered.—

12. ———Let not any one Tax, directly or indirectly, overthrow another—This adds *oppression* to *folly*.

13. ———Let not so many Officers be employed at such a *vast* expence to the Kingdom,—in *futuro*—but let Ministers *ease* the *poor*, by taking off several duties from the most *necessary* Articles of Life, and throwing them into one sum, to be raised

(a) PREAMBLE of 33. H. VI. c. 7.
 "Item, WHEREAS of time not long past within the city of *Norwich*, and the counties of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, there were no more but six or eight Attornies at the most, coming to the King's Courts, in which time great TRANQUILITY reigned in the said city and counties, and little trouble or vexation was made by untrue and foreign suits; and now it is, that in the said city and counties, there be four score Attornies, or more, the more part of them having no other thing to live upon, but only---his Gain by the practice of Attorneyship; and also the more part of them not being of sufficient knowledge to be an Attorney, which come to every Fair, Market, and other places where is any assembly of people, exhorting, procuring, moving and inciting the people to attempt untrue and foreign suits for small trespasses, little offences and small sums of debt, whose actions be triable and determinable in Courts Baron; whereby proceed many suits more of evil will, &c."

as the Land-Tax, by the parish collectors, upon *Horses*, old *Batchelors* and *Dogs*.

Should these Tory-Whig-Rump-Regal principles be adopted—which would suit many sorts of Government, and make the people's hearts glad—The present ROYAL FAMILY—by Birth BRITONS—by Profession PROTESTANTS—by the *best* of Titles, HEIRS to the CROWN---would make *Great-Britain* even happier still—And, as things now stand, an Alteration is much more to be dreaded than desired—No Pretender; or hot Republican, or red-hot fiery Reformer, of the complexion of the House-burners of 1780, could mend the matter.—They have been tried in this nation to some purpose, and each has convulsed it to its centre, to the very *edge of Destruction!*—Therefore, may we feel no more TYRANNY from the *first*, ANARCHY from the *second*, nor WILD-FIRE from the *last* set, but only a continuation of the *present system* of Government, reformed by *pleasant and easy degrees*, as the great office of paymaster to the army has been, and as other instances of public Economy have been held out to us, by the help of the Commissioners of Public Accounts, so nobly appointed by the King and his Parliament!

I do love, may it please your Reverences, to talk like *Cicero* sometimes—it gives a zest to nonsense. (a)—Is there the least shadow of TREASON in all *this*?—Nay, can any lover of his country not lay his hand on his heart, and subscribe to it ALL? It would grieve me to the *quick*, if I thought he could not—

“ *Peace is my dear Delight—nor Fleury's more—*

“ *BUT TOUCH me, and no Minister so sore.—*”

C 2

—Having

(a) Your Worships will excuse a digressive Author for jogging your Judgements; otherwise, you would not have dreamt of CICERO here.

—Having taken this *fly* opportunity—ONCE FOR ALL—of driving my Politics upon the Public, I shall now, my beloved, recur, more directly still, to the last point of my subject—to prove, by more arguments than one, that the late *political Eclipse* is a great National BLESSING, as solar eclipses are useful in the natural world.

We can never bring people to their senses, but by knocking their brains out—This is the first principle of *War*—from the ten years of *Trojan*, to the eight years of *American-War*—The Duke of *Marlborough* was, most usefully and successfully, employed in this way of making people *wiser* on the Continent—to maintain a thing called *The Balance of Power*—as fine an Air-Balloon in the reign of *Queen Anne*—as was the *Crusade*, among the Christian Kings of *Europe*, in the reign of King *Richard* the first!—The Duke carried on this philosophy, with no little *Gaz*, to the no small emolument of himself and this nation, which always sighed to pay dearly for Glory, from the first *Crusade* to the last.—There is a little Book—in use mostly among the *Dumplers* in *Germany*—I read it once over in greek at school—which speaks of another sort of Reputation, besides that “*Bubble Reputation*,” which is “sought at the Cannon’s mouth”—according to *Shakspeare*—However, it being unmannerly, ungentleman-like, and out of the way of a scholar, to quote that little Book, I shall refer to another in more vogue.

“ PLENTY BEGETS WAR,
“ WAR BEGETS POVERTY,
“ AND POVERTY PEACE.”

John Partridge, Francis Moore, Philomath and Cardanus Rider,
who

who either are now alive, or have been dead these fifty years, are, or were, Wise Men and Patriots—who compiled *Almanacks* solely for the benefit of their country, and foretold, not only *Eclipses* (which makes me and all my neighbours think they were *Conjurors*) but also the commotions of the times, the removal of ministers, all the invasions, murders, sudden deaths and marriages and all the days of rain and sun-shine, hail and snow, since the first year of the present Reign!—*I thought* Predestination sprung from *Astrology*.——

From one of these great Authors I quote the aforesaid *Apothegm*. If PEACE then, the last and greatest earthly good, is the lineal descendant of War, and the sole heiress of Poverty.——What glorious Ancestors! How ought we to admire and cherish them, at any rate, with any loan!——TAXES ARE BLESSINGS——in disguise a little at first, but how naturally do they produce Peace!——the King of France——the Spaniards——the Americans——and even the Dutch love MONEY, in some small degree; so that, when they have bled pretty freely that way——their spirits sink——POVERTY is the CHARM!

“ Sweet Peace she brings, where-ever she arrives,

“ She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives.”

Were I worthy to advise the Dutch, at this crisis, I would have them recover from their late panic, before they attack the Emperor, for such a trifle, as the *Breach of an old Treaty!* which they know, as well as any body, is of no consequence at all——If they *must* fight—a light heart and one thin pair of breeches are best——to run with, to or from an enemy. War indeed, may oblige them—as it has many of late—to wear no more than one,

one, presently, so they had better try the experiment first:—on the other hand, I have nothing to say against their getting into new broils, if they are dissatisfied with their present small burthens and losses—if they are *too rich*, it is a pity—they ought to endeavour to get rid of this misfortune by all means. My Lord G***** G*****—having a second fight—may befriend the *Slaukenbergians* more than I, who cannot conceive what is the meaning of his Lordship's warm zeal for them, so much in preference to the Emperor, unless it is on account of *their* zeal—for a *plurality* of Breeches and smoaking Tobacco—both of which excellencies, my Lord, arise *merely* from the first law in nature—*Self-Preservation*—of which, to be sure, as good Protestants, they have been pretty tenacious, for near a century. But I will not be warm—so I leave them to him—and to the enjoyment of a certain prospect of having their GREAT BANK UNDER GROUND DISCASHED (a) a little—a new word to be put into the next Edition of *Entick's Dictionary*—I do not find a better there for my purpose, though he is my *favourite* author—because he helps me to spell, and find out the meaning of hard words, not unfrequently—*Johnson* is, no doubt, an *Omni-verbalist*—He has written a Library of a Dictionary—fit only for LORDS to *buy*, and SCHOLARS to *read*—being neither one, nor the other, I must grow wise—in a *small way*—

— We must not forget our own *Blessings*. —

This brings me to my subject—only observing, by the by, that the *Dutch* will want no WINDOWS, UNDER WATER—I never saw a good Epic Poem—a good History—a good Ser-

(a) A much better word than *Entick's* CASHIER'D—probably invented by a *Taylor* over his Hell,-----

mon--nor heard a good Story, told by *an old woman* without some little digression--so your Reverences *must* excuse me---“ But, fir, your Piece is “ nothing but Digression”----Had I your Reverences near a BUTT of good ALE, you should see how good-natured I wou’d be--*Ten-pence* should go out of my *splendid shilling*, to make ye forget your *critical cares*--and sink my own for an hour, in “ Divine Oblivion”---and yet I am no sworn sot, only pant to make ye all as good-humoured as an Elephant--and as long lived--The Philosopher of the Tub had the *Fidgets*--otherwise he would have said-----“ Good Alexander I thank you”---instead of “ Stand by”-----Ill-nature has more to do with *Pride* than *Philosophy*--the Duke De Rochefoucault and Tristram Shandy have had their Apothegms preserved in pickle, let your Reverences take heed--mine *may* be so *like-wise*----I have heard of a man, I have seen him, and he was a young man when he died--who became tenant in tail to a fine estate, after the deaths of a whole parcel of young remainder-men, who all died in possession before him.----I only give ye this hint on the doctrine of *possibilities*.

Now I can prove to ye, that I have made *no digression at all*---thus----because I never intended to come to the Point--*what* Point? why, to make a preachable Sermon--did not I tell ye so in the Title Page? “The Man is Crazy”-----Good night to ye Gentlemen----

I will now bring on my Arguments----five in number---FOR OUR DARKNESS--in a string--I beg this Sermon, like *Cradoek's*, may be called “ My Works”---being *my system of Law--Politics--Philosophy--and Divinity*-----My Poems are little *posthumous things*----that smell of the Birch--made while the sound of the Ferula vibrated in my ear---“ How sweet an Ovid was in Murray
“ lost”----

"lost"——I know it will never be said of me——"How fine a
 "Mansfield was in ***** lost"——for the Law and I have been
 like Man and Wife these twenty years——*obliged* to live together
 ——therefore——suppose now——in this quiet vacation between
 Michaelmas and Hilary-Terms——I was to try the MUSE——but
 ——let's try the five Arguments first——

1. We must support the *E. I.* Grocers, or Engrossers---because
 they could not sell their T—— at B——*ft*——*n*——and T—— is now
 the Glory of all Lands, especially of ours.

2. ——We have too many people in this kingdom——for
 instance——we are obliged to hang some——and some hang them-
 selves——O *Addison*!---Cato need not have set *us* the example!---
 Many are unwillingly, and some willingly struck dead by the
 planet of poverty, every year——broken-hearted by misfortune,
 want of wisdom or hardness of heart——These die by inches on
 their legs in the midst of their friends!---To encourage *Emigration*
 then, by all means, is wise, and heavy Taxes of the kind I am
 praising, are excellent for the purpose---for we may thus, get rid
 of a parcel of poor, beggarly rascals of GLASS-Manufacturers---
 (I declare I could not spell that word without *Entick*, as Parson
Adams could not preach a Sermon without the help of the poet
Æschylus)-----By Emigration also, we probably shall lose the
 hearing of the dying groans of many Glaziers and Plumbers.——

I am told Glass-Windows---since the last RUMPUS in *America*
 ---cut but a shabby figure there---a Gross of Hundreds of Glaziers
 from hence, may therefore now really be of service---or, they
 may now go over to *Nova-Scotia*, and live on their own Estates.
 Other Artificers also, may, directly or indirectly, be affected
 and

and happily induced to leave *us*, who are obliged to stay behind to enjoy PEACE and PLENTY!

3. ——— We had *too much* LIGHT before, which is exceedingly pernicious to all other *weak Eyes*, besides those of *Owls*—so that in point of humanity, we are blessed—a *Cat* may die in an oven for want of *air*, but never for want of *Light*. Now, it is very easy to prove, that weak eyes suffer more by strong *Light*, than good eyes do for want of any--ergo--for charity sake, we that are *strong*, should bear with the *weak*, and indulge them with DARKNESS.

4. The Tallow-Chandlers were growing *poor*—therefore more Candles *must* be used—but in order to prevent *them* also from being infected with the plague of the Nation—*viz.* Growing too *rich*; a small additional duty of a half-penny a pound on Candles was laid—*this* end however, is not completely answered in all places—for in many, *Tom* the Blacksmith is charged eight-pence *per* pound, and then he advances a half-penny a horse-shoe to *Dick* the farmer, who charges *Ned* the thresher six-pence a bushel *extra* for his wheat, and thus the wheel turns round in an extraordinary manner—*Ned* paying six-pence in fact—because *Tom* pays a half-penny *extra*—LAW is founded upon REASON!

This Window-Tax is a fine balance against the increasing wealth of Government itself; for, lest the Taxes upon Glafs of different kinds should stretch too far, to pay off only *two hundred and fifty millions* of the national debt, for instance, it was happily hit upon, to curb the exuberance of those Taxes—like cutting thistles to hinder the growth of wheat---not Vice Versa. No other could prove so beneficial a Tax for the purpose—except one upon *Attornies*, so heavy, that not one of them in a hundred

could afford to buy *Paper*—*Stamps* they can hardly purchase as it is, without having the *Coriander-feed* down before hand!—*Paper* of *seventy seven* kinds, is taxed from *Demy-fine* down to *Pasteboard*, by six or seven Acts of Parliament—so that it is as much as I can do to get this Sermon printed—even for the benefit of mankind-----but one slap-dash Statute on my plan, would so pinch these *vermine* (as fir *What d' ye call him* stiled them in the House, who had no *vermine* in his family) that they also might be glad to emigrate, to settle or devour, the unsettled property of *North-America*.

-----Again---for I am now full of Fire---may it please your Reverences---if, instead of the late Window-Tax, one Head---or one Tongue---or one Hearth (a)---or one Dog---or any other as simple thing in every house--had been rated--it might have brought in as much Money, for no man would cut off his own head, &c. to avoid the Tax-----but it would not have had this blessed effect of preventing, in the least degree, the payment of the national debt---There are such things as

“ *Mere Tricks to shew the Stretch of human Brain,*
“ *Quaint, curious Pleasure, or ingenious Pain.*”

Like the Saint of old exhibited---I do not *forg*e the story---who stood upon one leg for a twelvemonth---to shew he stood firm in the favour of God-----I think, if he had stood, or even walked, upon his two legs like men in common, God would not have been angry. However, he thought otherwise, and so he acted,

(a) SCRIBLERUS would propose, “ That Government should lay the amount of the Window-Tax (payable for each house by the *last* rate) on one Hearth of the same house---which would raise the same money, and afford Light “ to SCRIBLERUS in his Garret, comfort the Glaziers, &c. and increase the duty on Glafs, by a larger demand for “ that article in *future*, than we can now expect.”

acted, *in his way*, as *Jack, Peter and John Bull* have done in theirs, conscientiously---I would not have burned the *poor* Martyr for Unipedity (a)----I would only---if my tears lay then *near* my eyes---have wept for the pain of his body---A Fowl will sleep upon one leg---I never could---so like a fool, I judge of others by myself----I question, if I should have even asked---at least in the style of the Roman Emperors or the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*---“ Had he nothing else to do?” for whilst he thought in his conscience, *poor dear Man*----I cannot forget my grand-mother’s language---that he ought to do that, *and nothing else*---which, by the by, is better doing than roasting Heretics---I appeal to the *Pope’s own breast*----I do believe I should have left him to God and his conscience---as we *ought* to leave one another in these matters---at least till we are *sure we only* are right, according to the *Dumpler’s little Book*---Men feel their *fallen-nature* different ways---Peter *wept*---Felix *trembled*---the Jailor *drew his sword*---Paul *bewailed his Darknefs of mind and body*, and John *was led on softly by the gentle hand of Love, and leaned on his Saviour’s bosom!*----O my brethren!---here I return again to myself---like little children let us love one another!

The above reasons, I dare say---will convince all mankind---except the Smugglers, and they can bring no *legal* reason against the Blessing of Darknefs---besides, these gentry are not proper judges of the fact, they are *interested*.

Let me now, my beloved, conclude this Shandean Philippic with a word or two of advice to-----Amend the Act by prohibiting the *use* of Windows-----If this had been done in time,
the

(a) This word is not in *Entick’s Dictionary*.

the *Great Seal* had not been stolen, for through a Window the roguish wag first saw it, through a Window report says it was conveyed. Half the crimes of *House-breaking* have been caused by Windows. The open air also is the most healthy—If more people were turned out of doors---especially now at this season---so many would not die *bed-ridden*, as do—nor others sit idle all day long *staring at the fire!*

Another Amendment should be made—to lay a heavy Tax upon LANTHORNS and SPECTACLES, the earlier the better, before the Winter ends. This would tend to convert the *Jews*—a thing much wanted in this *Christian* country—and also the *Tinkers*—and probably make them as good Christians—may it please your Reverences—as ourselves—though not quite so good as *John Bunyan*—GOD alone can *Work Miracles*—and they are NOT ceased ever since the days of Paul—SOMEBODY says so—and Nobody can prove the contrary.



— **THE END.** —

